men were made, have too much occupied the thoughts of women; and this aſſociation has ſo entangled love with all their motives of action; and, to harp a little on an old ſtring, having been ſolely employed either to prepare themſelves to excite love, or actually putting their leſſons in practice, they cannot live without love. But, when a ſenſe of duty, or fear of ſhame, obliges them to reſtrain this pampered deſire of pleaſing beyond certain lengths, too far for delicacy, it is true, though far from criminality, they obſtinately determine to love, I ſpeak of the paſſion, their huſbands to the end of the chapter—and then acting the part which they fooliſhly exacted from their lovers, they become abject woers, and fond ſlaves.

Men of wit and fancy are often rakes; and fancy is the food of love. Such men will inſpire paſſion. Half the ſex, in its preſent infantine ſtate, would pine for a Lovelace; a man ſo witty, ſo graceful, and ſo valiant: and can they *deſerve* blame for acting according to principles ſo conſtantly inculcated? They want a lover, and protector; and, behold him kneeling before them—bravery proſtrate to beauty! The virtues of a huſband



band are thus thrown by love into the back ground, and gay hopes, or lively emotions, baniſh reflection till the day of reckoning comes; and come it ſurely will, to turn the ſprightly lover into a ſurly ſuſpicious tyrant, who contemptuouſly inſults the very weakneſs he foſtered. Or, ſuppoſing the rake reformed, he cannot quickly get rid of old habits. When a man of abilities is firſt carried away by his paſſions, it is neceſſary that ſentiment and taſte varniſh the enormities of vice, and give a zeſt to brutal indulgences; but when the gloſs of novelty is worn off, and pleaſure palls upon the ſenſe, laſciviouſneſs becomes barefaced, and enjoyment only the deſperate effort of weakneſs flying from reflexion as from a legion of devils. Oh! virtue thou art not an empty name! All that life can give—thou giveſt!

If much comfort cannot be expected from the friendſhip of a reformed rake of ſuperiour abilities, what is the conſequence when he lacketh ſenſe, as well as principles? Verily miſery, in its moſt hideous ſhape. When the habits of weak people are conſolidated by time, a reformation is barely poſſible; and actually makes the beings miſerable who have

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